THE

385

WEEKLY VISITOR,

OR,

LADIES' MISCELLANY.

"TO WAKE THE SOUL BY TENDER STROKES OF ART,
"TO RAISE THE GENIUS AND TO MEND THE HEART."

VOL. II.] SATURDAY, September 8, 1804. [No 101

EDWARD AND ELIZA.

In a Letter to the spirit of Martinus Scriblerus.

(FROM THE UNSUSPECTED OBSERVER.)

Madam,

IT will be some relief to a wounded heart, to pour out its sorrows to one whom I hope will judge with impartiality; and while you publish this unfortunate story, may it be a beacon to others to avoid that fatal rock on which I have split. I am son to a nobleman of very ancient house, who is yet living; I had the misfortune (I may so call it) of having a too indulgent parent, who fondly gave way to me in every particular, and humored me in all my fancies; and before I was twenty I had as much money in my hands as I wished, by drawing on the Earl's Banker for whatever I wanted, and of which he, good, easy father, never complained.

Being brought up to the army, I rose very high in my military station, and at the age of six and twenty, was advanced to the rank of Major. I was soon after taken ill of a fever, and when I began to recover my strength, my physicians advised me to stay a month in the country; I got leave of my Colonel and went to lodge at a village a few miles from London. Happy, though not free from frailty, might I then have been, had the grave received me; the complication of guilt I afterwards plunged into, would not then have been placed to the black account which I must one day give of my reprehensible conduct.

"Yet I'll look up—my fault is past;
"But, oh! what form of prayer can serve my turn."

Love, cruel love, found me out in this retreat, and pointed his arrows at a mind accustomed to give way to every passion without control. Pride before was predominant vice—no wonder then that I sought unlawful means of gratifying my desires with a most beautiful creature, but whose origin was obscure, and whose fortune not a penny; yet, beloved as I was at home, this offence against family distinction would, I am sure, have been forgiven—and I should have found that approbation in my own breast, which is now gone for ever.

It will be necessary, Madam, to give you some account of the family with whom I went to lodge, as you may then form some idea of the situation of my heart; and though you may be shocked at my baseness, you will be inclined in some degree to pity and forgive.

The neat outside appearance of a small country-house, on the window of which was a bill, signifying that a part was to be let, induced me to stop there. If I was struck with the neatness of the outward aspect, I was still more so with the peculiar simplicity of the furniture, mingled with an air of gentility and elegance, and which bespoke the owners born to see better days, I began a short conversation with Mr. O——, and was astonished at his apparent literary talents; we soon made an agreement—and as I was a single man, we proposed living *en famille*, and he seemed greatly delighted at the acquisition of such a boarder.

At dinner I was introduced to his wife a genteel, middle-aged woman, and a sweet girl about eighteen, their neice, who always lived with them. Heavens, what an angel! I could have exclaimed with the poet, "O, true beauty, till now I never knew thee!" But I mastered my passion so well, as not to show any signs of admiration then. Frequently, however, did I seek means of conversing with the charming Julia, and found her as sensible as she was handsome; yet that sense, so mingled with artless, unsuspecting innocence, that it was utterly impossible to behold her without wishing for a closer acquaintance; nor to know her, without loving her almost to idolatry. I had now recourse to a vice, which is certainly of the worst kind; I played the hypocrite so successfully, that the worthy Mr. O—— thought me the best young man in the world, and that his niece's virtue was as safe

under my guardianship as his own; lovely creature, I found her so invulnerable to all my attacks, that though she loved me tenderly, as I once made her own to me, I could not, with all my sophistry, win her to my purpose but with a pretence of a private marriage.

Unhappy are those to whom power has given sycophants, who are ready panders to vice for sordid gold. A rascal of a fellow, one of the lowest in the army, agreed, for a paltry sum, to play the part of the clergyman in this detestable performance, a footman, who was the creature of my will, and minister of my pleasures, was to serve as clerk and father, and to procure for me a ring and false licence.

The dear, deluded girl, on these fallacious terms, consented to become the prey of a vile seducer, whose pride prevented him from making her happy for life, and made him destroy that innocence which rendered her enchanting beyond her beauty.

Wretch that I was; a Leda that might have made a Jupiter supremely blest, I was satiated with—and pretending positive orders from the Colonel of my regiment to hasten to town, I departed, leaving the sweet, unsuspecting victim, contented with my promise of sending for her, and discovering the whole affair by letter to her uncle and aunt, after I had acquainted my father therewith, and the storm was a little blown over.

I left her, and left her with a settled resolution of never seeing her more; and in order to get from her as far as possible, as soon as I arrived in town, I sat off post for Bath. After I had there endeavored to lose in the gay scenes of dissipation, the rebukes of a wounded conscience in vain, I returned to my father's house, and after three months absence from my Julia, I received the following letter from her:

To the Right Honorable Lord

EDWARD——.

"AND is not the storm of parental anger yet blown over? Or what can be the cause I do not hear from my Edward? Ere this I hoped to have been welcomed to his noble mansion, and owned as a daughter to his father, to whom Edward has often told his Julia, virtue and innocence was the best present he could give.

"Ah, if the raging anger still continues, be it ever so boisterous, let it fall alone on Julia: Ah, shelter her Edward, and let him not feel the anguish of a parent's frown. Yet, why not write to her? Why thus neglect her? Alas, much has she suffered since your departure; she has had a storm to enconnter with, which has glanced against an unspotted reputation; but surely it cannot be as they say. Oh, Edward, prepare to hear a tale of real woe.

"The visible alteration in my shape, obliged me to acquaint my aunt with the indirect step I had taken, by marrying without her's or my uncle's consent; she attended to me, but with a serious gloom I had never seen on her benignant face before, which at last ended in a flood of tears: "Oh, sweet innocence, (said she) you have, my Julia, been cruelly seduced, and are now left a prey to bitter remorse and blushing shame." I then so strenuously defended my Edward, that she seemed to believe you good, as I do, and that we were really (as we certainly are–are we not? married. My uncle was called up; he boasts of his knowledge of the world though he has lived many years in that retirement; his exclamation immediately was, (lifting up his hands and eyes to Heaven) Oh, our child! the child of our choice, and our hearts, is ruined—basely ruined and cast off. In this opinion he persists, and declares our sacred marriage to be a false one. O, Edward, it is in your power alone to rescue my fallen reputation from the taunts of malignant scandal, which spreads her baneful influence more in a country village than in a populous city. My indulgent, kind uncle and aunt, are only displeased that I listened to your proposals without acquainting them. They know not that I write this; but whom am I now to obey but the lord and husband of my desire? My uncle repeats—"Oh, leave the vile seducer to the bitter reflections of his own wicked conscience; in your silence, my Julia, will most be seen your contempt of him; and silence and obscurity will be the best cover for your shame. I have yet sufficient left, out of the wrecks of a once ample fortune, to convey us into a remote part of the country, where we will weep over the sorrows of our child; and, while we endeavor to make her forget the vile seducer, whose title, wealth, and power authorize him, in the eye of a base world, to oppress the poor and innocent, I will teach her gentle spirit, when it leaves the beautiful clay that first inflamed his guilty breast, to ascend by just degrees to those blissful seats, where no proud oppressive tyrant can have entrance."

So spoke my uncle:—But can I suspect my Edward wants true affection! Ah, no! But my sad fears that his health perhaps is at this moment declining, or that his father refuses to forgive him, makes me importune a speedy answer to this; for on a kind answer depends the future peace of your own

JULIA."

I had the iron-hearted cruelty to return her the following answer:

TO MISS ——————

"IN justice to myself, as well as to you, it is time I strip off the mask, and tell you, in plain terms, we never were married. I was obliged, Julia, to have recourse to this stratagem, from the ridiculous, antiquated notions you were brought up in, of virtue and such unmeaning stuff; but in truth, in sober truth, the man who married us was no more than my own servant.

"I always admired your uncle's good sense, and he has now given me the strongest proof in the world of it: Tell him I greatly commend him; and if you, as well as he, can have the prudence to hold your tongue, you may retire into the country retreat he mentions, with the pretence of being a widow to an officer who died abroad; and perhaps, as you possess both youth and beauty, you may make yourself happy with some fond husband who knows not your real story. I shall always esteem you, and wish you well; but must entreat you to think of me in no other light than merely as a person you have heard spoken of.

"You hint that you are with child by me; I have sent you the sum of five hundred pounds in bank notes, which, from a mistaken pride, (for I know you are possessed of strange ideas) I desire you will not send back;—indeed, it will be in vain, for, before this reaches you, I

shall be far on my way to France; our whole family are going to make the tour of Europe, and have entirely left our house in town; my commission in the army I have given up, therefore it will be totally impossible for you to find me out. Only keep your own counsel and may you be as happy, and as free from care, as

EDWARD ———.

"P. S. Let me advise you to get into the country as soon as possible.

Adieu, Ma Bella."

(To be continued.)

BARON HUMBOLDT.

THE following abstract of the American Travels of the celebrated Baron Humboldt and his companion Bonpland, has been drawn up from notes which the former has kindly furnished, and will supercede the many very incorrect accounts hitherto published relative to this interesting object.

Baron Humboldt, having travelled from the year 1790, as a naturalist, through Germany, Poland, France, Switzerland, and through parts of England, Italy, Hungary, and Spain, came to Paris in 1798, when he received an invitation, from the directors of the national museum to accompany captain Baudin in his voyage round the world. Citizen Alexander Aime Gourjon Bonpland a native of Rochelle, and brought up in the Paris museum, was also to have accompanied them; when on the point of departing, the whole plan was suspended until a more favorable opportunity, owing to the re-commencement of the war with Austria, and the consequent want of funds.

Mr. Humboldt, who from 1792, had conceived the plan of travelling through India at his own expense, with a view of adding to the knowledge of the sciences connected with natural history, then resolved to follow the learned men, who had gone on the expedition to Egypt. His plan was to go to Algiers in the Swedish frigate which carried the consul Skoldebrandt, to follow the caravan which goes from Algiers to Mecca, going through Egypt to Arabia, and thence by the Persian gulph to the English East-India establishments. The war which unexpectedly broke out in October, 1798, between France and the Barbary powers, and the troubles in the East, prevented Mr. Humboldt from embarking at Marseilles, where he had been fruitlessly two months waiting to proceed. Impatient at this delay, and continuing firm in his determination to go to Egypt he went to Spain, hoping to pass more readily under the Spanish flag from Carthagena to Algiers and Tunis. He took with him the large collection of philosophical, chemical, and astronomical instruments, which he had purchased in England and France.

From a happy concurrence of circumstances, he obtained, in February, 1789, from the court of Madrid, a permission to visit the Spanish colonies of the two Americas, a permission which was granted with a liberality and frankness, which was honorable to the government and to a philosophic age. After a residence of some months at the Spanish court, during which time the king showed a strong personal interest in the plan, Mr. Humboldt, in June, 1799, left Europe, accompanied by Mr. Bonpland, who, to a profound knowledge in botany and zoology, added an indefatigable zeal. It is with this friend that Mr. Humboldt has accomplished, at his own expense, his travels in the two hemispheres, by land and sea, probably the most extensive which any *individual* has ever undertaken.

These two travellers left Corunna in the Spanish ship Pizarro, for the Canary Islands, where they ascended to the crater of the Peak of Teyde, and made experiments on the analysis of the air. In July they arrived at the port of Omana, in South America. In 1799, 1800, they visited the coast of Paria, the missions of the Chaymas Indians, the province of New Andalusia (a country which had been rent by the most dreadful earthquakes, the hottest and yet the most healthy, in the world,) of New Barcelona, of Venezuela; and Spanish Guayana.—In January, 1800, they left Caraccas to visit the beautiful vallies of Aagca, where the great lake of Valencia recals to mind the views of the lake of Geneva, embellished by the majesty of the vegetation of the tropics. From Porto Cabello they crossed, to the south, the immense plains of Caloboza, of Apure, and of the Oronoco, also los Llanos, a desert similar to those of Africa, where in the shade (by the reverberation of heat) the thermometer of Reaumur rose to 35 and 37 (111 to 115F.) degrees. The level of the country for 2000 square leagues does not differ 5 inches. The sand every where represents the horaizon of the sea, without vegetation; and its dry bosom hides the crocodiles, and the torpid boa (a species of serpent.)

The travelling here, as in all Spanish America, except Mexico, is performed on horseback. They passed whole days without seeing a palm-tree or the vestige of a human dwelling. At St. Fernando de Apure, in the provinces of Varinas, Messrs. Humboldt and Bonpland began that fatiguing navigation of nearly 1000 marine leagues, executed in canoes, making a chart of the country by the assistance of chronometers, the satellites of Jupiter, and the lunar distances. They descended the river Apure, which empties itself into the Oronoco, in 7 degrees of latitude.—They ascended the last river (passing the celebrated cataracts of Mapure, and Atures) to the mouth of the Guaviare. From thence they ascended the small rivers of Tabapa, Juamina, and Tenie. From the mission of Sarita they crossed by land to the sources of the famous Rio Negro, which Condamine saw, where it joins the Amazon, and which he calls a sea of fresh water. About 30 Indians carried the canoes through woods of Mami Lecythis and Laurus Cinamomoides to the cano (or creek) of Pemichin. It was by this small stream that the travellers entered the Rio Negro, or Black River, which they descended to St. Carlos, which has been erroneously supposed to be placed under the equator, or just at the frontiers of great Para, in the government of Bresil. A canal from Tenie to Pemichin, which from the level nature of the ground is very practicable, would present a fine internal communication between the Para and the province of Carracas, a communication infinitely shorter than that of Cassiquiare. From the fortress of St. Carlos on the Rio Negro, Mr. H. went north up that river and the Cassiquiare to the Oronoco, and on this river to the volcano Daida or the mission of Emerulda, near the sources of the Oronoco: the Indians Guaicas (or race of men almost pigmies, very white and very warlike) render fruitless any attempts to reach the sources themselves.

From the Esmeralda Messrs. H. and B. went down the Oronoco, when the waters rose, towards its mouths at St. Thomas de la Guayana, or the Angostura. It was during this long navigation that they were in a continued state of suffering, from want of nourishment, and shelter from the night rains, from living in the woods, from the musquetoes, and an infinite variety of stinging insects, and from the impossibility of bathing, owing to the fierceness of the crocodile and the little carib fish, and finally the miasmata of a burning climate. They returned to Cumana by the plains of Cari and the mission of the Carib Indians, a race of men very different from any other, and probably after the Patagonians, the tallest and most robust in the world,

After remaining some months at New Barcelona and Cumana, the travellers arrived at the Havanna, after a tedious and dangerous navigation, the vessel being in the night on the point of striking upon the Vibora rocks. Mr. H. remained three months in the Island of Cuba, where he occupied himself in ascertaining the longitude of the Havana, and in constructing stoves on the sugar plantations, which have since been pretty generally adopted. They were on the point of setting off for Vera Cruz, meaning, by the way of Mexico and Acapulco, to go to the Philippine Islands, and from thence, it was possible, by Bombay and Aleppo, to Constantinople, when some false reports relative to Baudin's voyage alarmed them, and made them change their plan. The gazettes held out the idea that this navigator would proceed from France to Buenos Ayres, and from thence, by Cape Horn, for Chili and the coast of Peru. Mr. Humboldt had promised to Mr. Baudin and to the Museum of Paris, that wherever he might be, he would endeavor to join the expedition, as soon as he should know of its having been commenced. He flattered himself that his researches, and those of his friend Bonpland, might be more useful to science, if united to the labors of the learned men who would accompany captain Baudin.

These considerations induced Mr. Humboldt to send his manuscripts, for 1799 and 1800, direct to Europe, and to freight a small schooner at Bantabano, intending to go to Carthagena, and from thence, as quickly as possible, by the Isthmus of Panama, to the South Sea. He hoped to find captain Baudin at Guayaquil, or at Lima, and with him to visit New Holland, and the Islands of the Pacific Ocean, equally interesting in a moral point of view, as by the luxuriance of their vegetation.

It appeared imprudent to expose the manuscripts and collections already made to the risks of this proposed navigation. These manuscripts, of the fate of which Mr. H. remained ignorant during three years, and until his arrival in Philadelphia, arrived safe, but one third part of the collection was lost by shipwreck. Fortunately, except except the insects of the Oronoco and Rio Negro they were only duplicates; but unhappily, friar John Gonzales, monk of the order of St. Francis, the friend to whom they were entrusted, perished with them. He was a young man full of ardor, who had penetrated into this unknown world of Spanish Guayana further than any other European.

Mr. Humboldt left Batabano in March 1801, and passed to the south of the Island of Cuba, on which he determined many Geographical positions. The passage was rendered very long by calms, and the currents carried the little schooner too much to the west, to the mouths of the Attracto. The vessel put into the river Sinu, where no botanist had ever before visited, and they had a very difficult passage up to Carthagena. The season being too far advanced for the South Sea navigation, the project of crossing the Isthmus was abandoned; and animated by the desire of being acquainted with the celebrated Mutis, and admiring his immencely rich collections of objects of natural history, Mr. H. determined to pass some weeks in the woods of Turbaco, and to ascend (which took forty days) the beautiful river of Madalaine, of the source of which he has sketched a chart.

From Honda, our travelers proceeded thro' forests of oaks, of *malastomo*, and of *cinchona*, (the tree which affords the Peruvian bark,) to St. Fe de Bogota, capital of the kingdom of New Grenada, situated in a fine plain, elevated 1360 toises (of six French feet) above the level of the sea. The superb collections of Mutis, the majestic cataract of the Tequendama (falls of 98 toises height) the mines of Mariquita, St. Ana, and of Tipaquira, the natural bridge of Scononza, (three stones thrown together, in the manner of an arch, by an earthquake,) these curious objects stopped the progress of Messrs. Humboldt and Bonpland until the month of September 1801.

At this time, notwithstanding the rainy season had commenced, they undertook the journey to Quito, and passed the Andes of Quindiu, which are snowy mountains covered with wax palm-trees, (palmers a cire,) with passe flores, (passion flower) of the growth of trees, storax, and bambusa (bamboo.) They were, during 13 days, obliged to pass on foot thro' places dreadfully swampy, and without any traces of population.

(To be Continued.)

[*From the Balance.*]

I HAD heard much of the good nature of Mr. ——— and family: so much that I even wished for an opportunity to observe it, at home, and witness its effects—for I held good nature in high estimation. I had thought of going under some pretence, to reside a while in his family, in order to learn how to practise this rare virtue.—Chance, however, gave me an opportunity for acquaintance with this family, and I am now about to present you with the result of my observation, and reflections.

Some family concerns called me, lately, to ——— where I met with a son and two daughters, of the family I have been speaking. They were well bred, and of easy, affable manners. We spent several days together, at the house of my relation—and was I not a little pleased with the idea of spending some time with them, at *their* home—For *there*, thought I, is the real test of breeding. I found Mr. and Mrs. ——— at home, and disposed as much as I had expected, to contribute to the agreeableness of my visit.

Mr. ——— was a farmer, in easy circumstances—and endeavoring to be thought a man of *fashion*. Their good nature was pleasing to me, both in themselves and children. But a certain remissness in their business, rather served to allay the pleasure I had in contemplating a good natured family. Mr. ——— desired his sons to attend to

a piece of work, while he rode abroad —when he returned the next day the work had been neglected, and the consequence was, a damage of several dollars in his crops.

The young ladies were sent for, to visit a sick aunt—but, they must send first to the mill, and in the afternoon, the same horse could convey them to their aunt's, in a carriage.

The boy, it seems, found others at the mill, who were indulged as much in play as himself, and did not return till quite dark.—The aunt died that night, without seeing her nieces—and willed her demesne to a foundling adopted as her son.

There was nothing very strange in this, but that the boy had his bread and butter, as usual, and there was no complaint.

I accompanied the young people to their district scool, which they attended. They were but indifferent scholars—but they were *good natured*. In short I could observe they attended to things by halves, and took their own time for that.

Strangers to attention, and close application, I began to consider their habitual *good nature*, as only the effect of indifference, and the love of ease.

Had the boys attended to the commands of the father, their crops would not have been destroyed, Had the lad returned as he might from the mill, the young ladies would have had a farm (which by the bye I suspect they will ere long stand in need of.) Had the father been less indulgent through life, even though he had not been so famed for good nature, I am of opinion it would have been quite as well with his family. It appears to me of the first importance that children be learnt, as early in life as possible, the habit of attention. By this means they will be always improving, or, at least always susceptible of improvement—Whereas that constant indifference and habitual carelessness, and inattention of which I have been speaking, may make them seemingly good natured, but will in fact make their faculties dull, and their improvements will seldom be proportionate to their opportunities. I shall add but one other remark, which is that we often mistake those qualities of which I have been speaking for good nature——— And that still I have as great a regard for real good nature as ever.

GATES.

THE HUMOROUS BEGGAR.

JODOCUS Damboud says, that as he was sitting with some senators of Bruges, at the gate of their senate-house a beggar with lamentable sighs and tears. and other gestures to move compassion, asked our charities, adding furtner, that he was troubled with a misfortune that shame obliged him to conceal. We all, says he, commiserating the poor man's condition, gave him something to relieve his wants, and then he departed.

One inquisitive person in our company sent his servant after the beggar, to know what the malady was, which he was so unwilling to discover. The servant overtook him, and asked him the question; and having viewed him all over, said, he could perceive nothing that he had reason to complain of. Ah, woe is me, said the beggar, the disease that so much afflicts me, is not to be seen, though it has crept over my whole carcase, insinuated itself into my blood and marrow, and has left no part of my body uninfected, which makes me I cannot work. This disease is called sloth and idleness. The servant having received this account, grew angry and left him. After having made ourselves merry at it, we sent the servant to bring him to us again, in order to prescribe to him a cure for his disease, but he had wisely withdrawn himself.

ANECDOTES.

A POOR Irish laborer lately applied to a lady for her interest to be admitted into an hospital, as he was very ill. The lady said, she only subscribed to the *Lying-in* Hospital. That's the very one I want, cried Pat, in an extacy, as my landlord threatens to turn me out; and if he does, I have have no place to *lie in*.

Can you recommend to me a something, exclaimed a *rubby nosed* votary of Bacchus, to Fisher, of the Brighton Library, that will be of service to a man of my complexion?—With a great deal of pleasure, Sir, replied the auctioneer, bowing, and instantly presented to him a *cork-screw*.

A Barrister, blind of one eye, pleading with his spectacles on, said, Gentlemen, in my argument, I shall use nothing but what is necessary, Then, replied a wag, take out one of the glasses of your spectacles.

A silly fellow remarked the other day, that he could take the most astonishing and imprudent liberties with his health, without experiencing from such conduct the smallest inconvenience; and, addressing himself to a medical man, begged to know the reason of this?—Because replied the physician, to the *mind* of an *ass*, you add the *constitution* of a *horse*.

The Wonder.—Not very long ago, a gentleman, who loves to *speak his mind*, was sitting at the table of a bishop, surrounded by gentlemen, who do not always speak their minds, for they were his lordship's chaplains. The prelate gave much into the marvellous, to which the inferior clergy bowed assent.—And I remember, cries his lordship, when the old palace of Ely was pulled down, there was a toad found under the wall, at least eight inches across the back, and twelve in length. The toad was supposed to be an hundred years old. *Wonderful indeed*, said the lover of truth, *for it proves that in those days there were no toad eaters*.

J. D. who lately wrote his life, summed it up in four *losses*, viz.—House-*less*, friend-*less*, shirt-*less*, and penny-*less*. The latter will easily account for the former three.

A man, smoaking his *pipe* in an ale-house, boasted of the jokes he had played off upon his companions—If you make a *Butt* of me, said a fellow in the corner, I shall take the liberty of giving you a *Punch-eon*.

(From the Philadelphia Daily Advertiser.)

MR. POULSON,

The following friendly advice to the industrious poor; or how to make much of a little in times of scarcity—may probably excite attention at the present period.

THE poor man who roasts or broils his meat—throws it half into the fire.

The poor man who boils it—throws half away in the water.

The poor man who turns it all into broth, with a little flower, oat meal, rice, pease, according to their price, wants less bread, and has twice the quantity for his money.

Onions are the best of herbs. The idolatrous Egyptians worshipped them:—better worship them than the Gin bottle.

The poor always get the best pennyworth who buy where most sit together in the open market; and bargains are always cheapest at the latter end of the day.

The poor who deal on trust may expect to be grievously cheated: for many shop-keepers suppose they mean to cheat them; therefore they strive to be beforehand with them. The ready penny always fetches the best bargain.

They that can scarce keep themselves or a child, should never keep a dog.

Gin is *poison*; he that drinks it gives himself false spirits for a time, and rots his liver all the while. If a *Gin-maker* be not the greatest enemy to the public, a *Gin-drinker* is the greatest enemy to himself and family.

A good man in bad times will live ten times better than a bad man in good times.

Let the poor do good to themselves at home, and then they will find good in being at home. It is a true proverb, "God helps them that help themselves."

The poor man's profit is to be found in his time:—And lost time is never to be found again. Laziness travels slow; and poverty soon overtakes it.

Industry will make a man's purse, and *frugality* will give him strings to it. This purse will cost him nothing. They that have it will only draw the strings as frugality directs, and will always find an useful penny at the bottom of it.

THE PRODIGIOUS FORCE OF IMAGINATION.

A NOBLEMAN in Portugal was overwhelmed with this imagination, "That God would not forgive him his sins," and so continued in despair, without receiving any benefit from pious discourses suited to his condition, or the use of physic.

At last, in order to drive this inordinate vertigo out of his head, when his chamber-door was locked, about midnight, the roof his house being untiled, they let down an artificial angel into his room, with a drawn sword in his right hand, and a lighted torch in his left, who called him by his name; he immediately leaped from his bed, and adored the angel, whom he saw clothed all in white, with a beautiful countenance.

The angel commanded him to hearken to his message, which was to tell him, "That he should no longer afflict himself as he had done; for all his sins were pardoned:" which having said, the counterfeit angel put out his torch, and was drawn up again.

The poor man, overjoyed at such a signal favor and assurance, as he imagined, from heaven, called up his people, and told them what had happened to him; and the next day gave the same relation to his physicians, who humored the artifice, congratulated his happiness, and pronounced him a holy man.

Soon after he found an appetite to his meat, eat heartily, slept quietly, and enjoyed himself as formerly, without ever relapsing into his late indisposition.

ANECDOTE.

INIGO JONES, the famous architect; having been dismissed from a lucrative office which he held, facetiously observed, It is not *In I Go* Jones, but *Out I Go* Jones.

The Visitor.

SATURDAY, September 8, 1804.

LIST OF DEATHS IN N. YORK.

The city inspector reports the deaths of 57 persons during the week ending on Saturday last.

Of CONSUMPTION 9—flux 23—fits 6—casualty (a man killed by a fall down stairs) 1—cholera morbus 2—decay 1—dropsy in the head 1—dysentary 3—nervous fever 1—gangrene 2—inflammation of the bowels 1—inflammation of the stomach 1—intemperance 1 pleurisy 1—scrophula 1—small pox 1—teething 1—and 1 still born.

Of the whole number 23 were of the age of one year and under, 13 between one and two years, 3 between 2 and 5—2 between 5 and 10—7 between 20 and 30—1 between 30 and 40—3 between 40 and 50—1 between 50 and 60—5 between 60 and 70—and 1 between 70 and 80.

Of whom 16 were adults and 41 children.

Drowned.—At Shenequin, (Penn.) On Sunday the 29th of July. Miss Cyrene Drown, daughter of Mr. John Drown, in the 18th year of her age, Miss Rebecca Rodgers, in the 12th year of her age, and Wm. Rodgers; they were fording the Susquehannah river on horse back, from an Island to which they had been in pursuit of cherries, the horse stumbled and threw them all into the river. Cyrene held by the mane and the two children held by her; the mare went down the river, about 12 rods, before she struck the bottom, when she cleared herself from Cyrene, who was on her feet, holding the little boy in her arms, and Rebecca was still holding by her. In this situation Cyrene exclaimed to the children on the shore, I can come out myself but cannot bring the children, and they then almost instantly disappeared. Notwithstanding the peculiar situation of Cyrene, it did not paralize her exertions; she was calm and made every effort to the last to preserve the children. The children were taken out of the water in 20 or 30 mi-

nutes. Cyrene was nearly an hour. It is to be regretted, that no timely and judicious prescriptions were given agreeable to the directions of the various humane societies, for restoring suspended animation; they are gone—a heavy and grievous affliction to their parents and relatives—a solemn admonition to us all.

Extract of a letter from a gentlemam in Adams County state of Ohio, to his friend in Martinsburgh, dated West Union, July 6, 1804.

I have the pleasure to communicate to you, that I have just been informed by Moses Baird, esq. (whose integrity I have never heard called in question) that on Sunday the 24th of June last, some men were fishing in Ohio Salt Lick Crick, with what is called a drag, their drag got fast on what they supposed was a log, they thought it best to haul up the log and not let the fish pass the drag, but to their astonishment they found it to be a horn. Mr. Baird says he has given it a strict examination, and from the idea he has of horns, he supposes that about one half has rotted away, but what remains appears to be perfectly sound, and is in length nine feet seven inches, between 20 and 30 inches in circumference, and weighs one hundred and forty four pounds, the hollow part is all rotted away but about fifteen inches. They have been offered thirty-two bushels of salt for the horn. *Query*—Is not this one of the horns of the Mammoth?

I forgot to mention that, notwithstanding this horn is so long, when measured round the bend, yet it is so crooked that it is not quite five feet between the ends.

The Empress Josephine has sent to Vienna a very neat toilette of gold, set with choice diamonds, and a gold snuff box richly inlaid, containing a complete dress of Brussels lace, finer than ever was seen before.

☞ Distant subscribers, are reminded that the present volume of the VISITOR will be finished on the 29th instant; after which, such as neglect to pay will be struck off the list.

Married,

On Wednesday evening last week, Mr. William Woods, to Miss Mary Bailey, both of this city.

On Saturday evening last, Captain Reuben Paddock, of Hudson, to Miss Maria Nichols, daughter of captain George Nichols of this city.

On Thursday last, Mr. John Frederick Miller, to Mrs. Elizabeth Davis, both of this city.

At Elizabethtown, on Saturday evening, Mr. James C. Williams, merchant of New Orleans, to Miss Mary Dayton, daughter of Gen. Elias Dayton.

Died,

On the 30th ult. at Philadelphia, of a rupture of a blood vessel, the rev. Dr. John Blair Linn, son of the rev. Dr. Wm. Linn. of this city.

On Sunday morning the 3d, in the 69th year of his age, Commodore James Nicholson, of this city.

On Friday last week, at Pougkeepsie, in the 44th year of his age, Robert H. Livingston esq. Clerk of the county of Dutchess.

VALUABLE INFORMATION

to those who are subject to the Tooth-ach.

BARDWELL'S Tooth-ach drops, the only Medicine yet discovered which gives immediate relief from this tormenting pain.

Since this efficacious medicine was first made public, many thousand persons have experienced its salutary effects. The following recent case is selected from a numerous list.

Extract of a letter recently received.

Gentlemen,

"I had been tormented with the most excrutiating pain in my teeth and face for nearly two months, and could obtain no relief from various medicines which I tried. Being strongly recommended to try Bardwell's Tooth-Ache Drops, I procured a bottle, and applied them according to the directions, and also bathed the side of my face with them, which was exceeding sore, occasioned by the long continuance of violent pain. In a few minutes after I applied this valuable medicine, the pain entirely ceased, and has never troubled me since. I feel real pleasure in making this acknowledgment of their merit, not only in compliment to you for so happy a discovery, but to increase the public confidence in a medicine so highly deserving, and from which mankind are likely to derive such eminent services. It is certainly the most efficacious medicine I ever heard of. You have my permission to make this letter public.

ELIZABETH CASEMORE,

No. 15, Thomas-Street, New-York."

TO THE LADIES.

A soft clear and delicate Skin.

THE proprietors of the celebrated Itallian Lilly Lotion, take this method of informing the ladies, and the fashionable world, that they have just received a fresh supply of that valuable article, which is held in such high estimation by ladies of the first rank in Europe and America, for its superior qualities in cleansing, clearing, and softening the skin, as well as freeing it from those cutaneous eruptions incident to many complexions, and so detrimental to female beauty.

The Lily Lotion is peculiarly pleasant in its operation—it washes the skin, perfectly clean, an agreeable softness immediately succeeds its use, and the skin is also sweetened and refreshed, while the whole complexion assumes an enlivened appearance.

The proprietors of the incomparable article think it a duty incumbent on them, to apologize for the length of time they have disappointed their fair friends in not having a sufficient supply to satisfy the very great demand.

Price One Dollar

Sold by appointment at Messrs. Ming & Young's, No. 102 Water-Street, Mr. Lawrence Bowers, 433 Pearl-street, & wholesale and retail at Stokes & Co's. Medicine Warehouse, No. 20, Bowery-lane.

W. S. TURNER,

Informs his friends and the public, that he has removed from Dey-Street to No. 15, PARK, near the Theatre; where he practices PHYSIC, *and the profession of* SURGEON DENTIST.

He fits ARTIFICIAL TEETH *upon such principles that they are not merely ornamental, but answer the desirable purposes of nature, and so neat in appearance that they cannot be discovered from the most natural.——His method also of* CLEANING *the* TEETH *is generally approved of, and allowed to add every possible elegance to the finest set without incurring the slightest pain, or injury to the enamel.——In the most raging* TOOTH-ACHE *his* TINCTURE *has rarely proved ineffectual, but if the* DECAY *is beyond the power of remedy, his attention in extracting* CARIOUS TEETH *upon the most improved* CHIRURGICAL *principles is attended with infinite ease and safety.*

Mr. TURNER will wait on any gentleman or lady at their respective houses, or he may be consulted at No. 15, PARK, where may be had his ANTISCORBUTIC TOOTH-POWDER, *an innocent and valuable preparation of his own from chymical knowledge. It has been considerably esteemed the last ten years: and many medical characters both use and recommend it, as by a constant application of it, the* TEETH *become beautifully white, the* GUMS *are braced, and assume a firm and healthful red appearance, the loosened* TEETH *are rendered fast in their sockets, the breath imparts a delectable sweetness, and that destructive accumulation of* TARTAR, *together with* DECAY *and* TOOTH-ACHE *prevented.*

The TINCTURE *and* POWDER *may likewise be had at G, & R. Waite's store, No. 64, Maiden-lane.*

[FROM THE PORT FOLIO.]

[*This brilliant specimen of the poetical powers of one not more admired by his friends for the elegance of his literature than for the goodness and glow of his heart, was written while the author was at Bermuda, that* Summer *Island, which his favourite* WALLER *has made to* 'live *in description, and* look green in song.'—*Mr.* MOORE *being in company with a Lady of the place, she playfully proffered him a* ring. *He gallantly replied in the following gallant verses:*—]

THE WEDDING RING,

BY THOMAS MOORE, ESQUIRE,

The author of "Little's Poems," and the Translator of Anacreon.

NO—Lady!—Lady!—keep the ring,
Oh! think how many a future year
Of placid smile and downy wing
May sleep within its holy sphere.

Do not disturb their tranquil dream,
Tho' love hath ne'er the mystery warm'd,
Yet Heaven, still shed some soothing beam,
To bless the bond itself hath form'd.

But then that eye!—that burning eye!
O! it doth ask, with magic power,
If Heav'n can never bless the tie,
Where love enwreath's no genial flower.

Away—away—bewildering look!
Or all the boast of virtue's o'er;
Go—hie thee to the sages book,
And learn from *him* to feel no more.

I cannot warm thee—every touch
That brings my pulses close to thine,
Tells me I want thy aid as much——
O! quite as much, as thou dost mine.

Yet stay, dear Love!—one effort yet;
A moment turn those eyes away,
And let me, if I can, forget
The light that leads my soul astray.

Thou say'st that we were born to meet,
That our hearts bear one common seal:
O! Lady—think how man's deceit
Can seem to sigh, and feign to feel!

When o'er the face some gleam of thought,
Like day-beams thro' the morning air,
Hath gradual stole, and I have caught
The feeling, ere it kindled there;

The sympathy I then betray'd,
Perhaps, was but the child of art;
The guile of one, who long hath play'd
With all those wily nets of heart.

O! thou hast not my virgin vow——
Tho' few the years I yet have told,
Can'st thou believe, I live till now,
With loveless heart, or senses cold?

No——many a throb of bliss and pain,
For many a maid my soul hath prov'd;
With *some*, I wanton'd warm and vain,
While *some* I truly, dearly lov'd!

The cheek to thine I fondly lay,
To *theirs* hath been as fondly laid;
The words to thee I warmly say,
To *them* have been as warmly said.

Then scorn at once a languid heart,
Which long hath lost its early spring;
Think of the pure, bright soul thou art,
And—keep the ring, O! keep the ring.

Enough—now turn thine eyes again—
What! still that look—and still that sigh!
Dost thou not *feel* my counsel then?
O no—and, I confess, nor I!

While thus to mine thy bosom lies,
While thus our breaths commingling glow,
'Twere more than woman to be wise,
'Twere more than man to wish thee so.

Did we not love so true, so dear,
This lapse could never be forgiven——
But—hearts so fond! and lips so near!
Give me the ring, and now—O Heaven!

REFLECTIONS ON LIFE.

AS the pure snow, by ruffling winds when driv'n,
Sweet fost'ring gift of an indulgent heav'n;
And as the timid doe whose swift alarm,
All unoffending, hath the power to charm,
Is Infancy.

As the spring in op'ning blossoms gay,
As a bright rising sun portends the day;
As the kind earth with gentle dews refresh'd,
So by the gifts of education blest,
Is Youth.

As the tall cedar o'er the lesser trees,
As the proud rivers more than fountains please
As the full sheaf rewarding labour past,
Blest by the sun, nor hurt by noxious blast,
Is Manhood.

As the descending regent of the day,
With milder radiance makes the heav'ns gay:
So in the eve of life well spent, we find,
The mind instructive, and the soul resign'd
To death, in age.

N. SMITH,

Chymical Perfumer, from London, at the New-York Hair-Powder and Perfume Manufactory, the Rose, No. 114, opposite the City-Hotel, Broad-Way.

Smith's improved chemical Milk of Roses, so well known for clearing the skin from scurf, pimples, redness, or sunburns; has not its equal for whitening and preserving the skin to extreme old age, and is very fine for gentlemen to use after shaving—with printed directions—6s. 8s. and 12s. per bottle, or 3 dollars per quart.

Smith's Pomade de Grasse, for thickening the hair and keeping it from coming out or turning grey; 4s. and 8s. per pot, with printed directions.

His Superfine white Hair Powder, 1s. per lb.
Do. Violet, double scented, 1s. 6d. do.
His beautiful Rose Powder, 2s. 6d. do.

Highly improved sweet scented hard and soft Pomatums, 1s. per pot or roll, double, 2s. do.

His white almond Wash-ball, 2s. and 3s. each.
Very good common, 1s. Camphor, 2s. 3s. do.
Do. Vegetable.

Gentlemen may have their shaving boxes filled with fine Shaving Soap, 2s. each.

Smith's Balsamic Lip Salve of Roses, for giving a most beautiful coral red to the lips; cures roughness and chops, leaves them quite smooth, 2s.—4s per box.

His fine Cosmetic Cold Cream, for taking off all kinds of roughness, and leaving the skin smooth and comfortable, 3s. and 4s. per pot.

Smith's Savonnette Royal Paste, for washing the skin, making it smooth, delicate, and fair; to be had only as above, with directions, 4s. and 8s. per pot.

Smith's Chymical Dentrifice Tooth Powder, for the Teeth and Gums, warranted, 2s. and 4s. per box.

Smith's purified Chymical Cosmetic Wash-ball, far superior to any other for softening, beautifying and preserving the skin, with an agreeable perfume, sold with printed directions, 4s. and 8s. each.

TUITION.

The Subscriber returns his thanks to his employers for their patronage, and flatters himself that he has every reason to hope for a continuance of the same, soliciting also the patronage of the public, informs, that he has removed his School to No. 11, Bancker-Street where he proposes continuing the ensuing year. A Tutoress will attend in said School for the purpose of teaching plain sewing and all kinds of needle work. The subscriber continues as usual to give lessons to ladies and gentlemen at their own dwelling, particularly in the art of Penmanship, wherein he will accomplish them in three months or exact no pay.

W. D. LEZELL.

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